The American Indian and Missions

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND MISSIONS

THE GOSPEL FOR THE PAGAN NAVAJOS OF THE SOUTHWEST

CHARLES E. FLACK

There is, perhaps, no better way to learn to appreciate the wonderful truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ than to see its effects upon the lives of a people who, like the Navajos, know least of our boasted civilization. The world calls them pagans and so many of them are; for they know nothing of our God as we know Him. Yet in spite of their ignorance, in spite of their superstitions, which are legiou, and in spite of the evil influence of Godless white men, the Gospel does reach them and does change their hearts and lives.

A LITTLE over three years ago the Carriso Navajo Mission was established in the extreme northeastern corner of Arizona, and in the midst of this people. The only white person within thirty-five miles was the Indian trader—the nearest railroad station was seventy-five miles. The people spoke almost no English. The men wore long hair and were clothed in calico trousers. Few of them had ever seen a missionary or heard of Christ. The only white men they had seen were either Indian traders, government officials or gold seekers. Hence they could not imagine why a man would come so far from home except for money, and were much concerned to learn what our "really business" was.

Our work began at once in the hogans, rough huts built of cedar poles and mud, where we found the whole family gathered around the open fire. The women were usually weaving blankets or grinding corn between two stones, as the women of Bible times did, the men making moccasins or quietly smoking. Here, seated upon the ground or upon a sheep-skin which was spread for us, we told them of Christ's birth, life and death. The women almost invariably stopped their work to listen. We can now report signs of progress since the people have gotten better acquainted.

In response to our appeal for a medical missionary, the Board sent Dr. R. W. Bell, who is a competent physician and surgeon, and in constant demand, so that the medical work is proving a great help both directly and indirectly.

During the year a sub-station has been established at "Red Rock," which is some thirty-five miles south of here, and Dr. Bell and I go there once each month for a couple of days of medical and evangelistic work. These trips prove quite strenuous in addition to our work here, but that is a very needy and a quite important field which we wish to cover as fully as possible.

We are often called upon to bury the dead. On account of his superstition the typical Navajo will have nothing to do with a dead body if he can possibly avoid doing so. I have known instances where men were seriously hurt, yet their own brothers would not go near till they were positive that they

would not die on their hands. When a person dies in a hogan it is usually burned and the body disposed of as quickly as possible, as the family must not eat till this has been done. Thus it is often very difficult to get any one to go with us to the grave, which fact will show the importance of the following incident:

There had been much sickness in the family of "Judge" Cla (left-handed man), who is head-man in this community. His daughter-in-law and four children were all seriously sick at one time. Thanks to the skill of Dr. Bell, who visited them twice each day, all of them recovered except

A NAVAJO FAMILY

"Junior," a bright little boy, the pride of the whole family and quite a favorite at the Mission, for he had learned to speak several words in English very cunningly. This promising lad died suddenly. They came at once to ask us to bury him—first a Navajo messenger, then the broken-hearted father, and at last the old Judge, who is ordinarily proud, came in a most humble and pathetic way to ask us to come as soon as possible. He asked us again and again to "comfort the father and mother and tell them of your way." As quickly as possible our interpreter made a board coffin, which Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Flack covered and lined with white muslin. All of us, including the interpreters, went with it to the brush hogan, where the family had retired as soon as the boy died. We had told them that we would come to the home for a short service and then would want one of them to assist in the burial. We were glad to find that all of the near relatives—the father, mother, grandfather and two grandmothers, as well as some other Navajos, had gathered for the service.

I have never witnessed a more pathetic sight than this little group presented. And it is seldom indeed that you see more evidence of heartfelt grief. During the service, which consisted of two songs, Bible

reading, prayer and a short talk on Jesus' love for little children, there was the most reverent attention, with frequent nods of approval. Tears shone in the eyes of many of these cold, irreproachable stolid Indians.

After the service, much to our surprise, the father, who had never before shown any interest in our work, and who is by nature rather haughty, volunteered to go with us to help dig the grave and place the little body in it. Though grief-stricken, he was neither sullen nor bitter at the providence of God in the taking away of the son of whom he had been so proud.

TYPICAL NAVAJO
MOTHER AND PAPOOSE

The fact that it was not material help alone which they sought was shown by the fact that, before the funeral, the Judge said: "The hogan in which the boy died has many good poles. We cannot use them, but we want the Dr. and the "Sunday-man" to divide them equally and make whatever use they can of them. Of course, we know that to them these poles were haunted (chi-in-dy), but the average Navajo would have said nothing of this and tried to sell them to us for a few dollars.

All of us feel that the attitude of the Navajos as shown by this incident is cause for great gratitude and encouragement. Not only is this the most influential family in the community, but it is among the most conservative. Hence, their appeal to us in their time of deepest sorrow, their willingness to hear the word of God, and their conscious need of that comfort which only the Lord can give to sorrowing hearts, is indeed an answer to prayer.

Thus the death of this little boy, sad as it was, has been the means of showing us the confidence which the Navajos have in us and their respect for our work. Pray that in time they may be led to acknowledge Christ not only as our God but as theirs also.

THE OLD INDIAN AND THE NEW
THE LAGUNAS OF NEW MEXICO

REV. HENRY C. NATION

STRONG CHAINS THAT BIND

STRONG chains bind the Indians to the old customs and ways of life. The older and uneducated people cannot easily adopt new ways. They have lived too long in the old way to adopt a new manner of life, even if the desire for the new could be created. The simple fact of their having attained adult life and being set in their Indian ways, chains them to the habits of their forefathers. Even the young people cannot live as they did in school, for they have not the equipment, such as houses, tables, stoves, chairs, beds. Therefore when they return home they must fall back into the old style of life. They must eat the food their people eat. This consists largely of dried meat, beef or mutton, wheat bread, baked or fried, beans, coffee and a little sugar.

The pueblo government also contributes to a continuation of the "Old." The governor, who is elected every year by the adult male population of the tribe, has monarchical power. And the lieutenant governors have the same power in their own villages. The dances are prepared and arranged under the supervision of the governor. Land ownership or occupation, moral conduct, religious worship, practically everything that concerns the Indians, may be brought before the governor.

However, those who have joined the Presbyterian Church have a certain amount of freedom. Some years ago it was decided that the Presbyterians should not be called upon to help prepare for the dances and the annual feast.

Just before Easter, 1914, the governor gave an order that everyone should definitely decide what church he would belong to, Presbyterian or Catholic. By this means it appeared from the efforts that were made by the Catholic workers, that the object in view was to reclaim two or more Presbyterian members who were somewhat indifferent or neglectful of public worship. But the Session sent a committee to visit the two members in question; and the Presbyterian people were informed that they did not need to comply with this order of the governor. Besides, the attention of the people was called to the fact that the governor himself was not willing to comply with such an order. This ended the affair.

Some of the useful purposes of the pueblo government are keeping the irrigating ditches in repair, building dams in the river, and any other public work that may concern all the people. Last spring a telephone line was built by public work between five of the seven villages of the Lagunas. Also meetings of all the men of the village are called by the village officer, and every man has a voice in these meetings. Not in the immediate future, but in time to come the monarchical pueblo government certainly will give place to the American or a more democratic form of rule in which the individual will have far greater freedom and power.

There are many signs of progress which are very evident even to the casual observer. Here is a man who has been to school and speaks the English language in ordinary conversation. He will, perhaps, have a pitched roof on his house, of corrugated iron or other material, instead of the flat dirt roof, which is the common mode of Indian construction. Some of the women who have learned to speak English, continue to wear American dress, while others wear the In-

dian costume in part, retaining the American shoes and stockings. Nearly all the men wear American dress. The medicine man wearing a red blanket is not an uncommon sight. Marriage with a license in legal form is now practiced. Some of the more intelligent Indians exercise the right of franchise.

A GROUP OF LAGUNA ELDERS

Originally the Laguna Indians all lived in the village of Laguna. Now there are seven villages removed from five to ten miles in different directions. The older and "stand pat" ones remained in the Laguna village, while the more progressive and ambitious ones moved to other points on the reservation where the soil was better and where they had more opportunity to cultivate land and plant fruit trees. The chief products are corn, wheat, alfalfa, peaches, apples, grapes, chili, melons, beans.

A few of the people have phonographs, and player-pianos, and quite a number have sewing-machines. A goodly number of young people of the Laguna Indians are working in Albuquerque and Gallup, N. M., in Winslow and Phoenix, Arizona, and in Riverbank, California, and other cities. To do this a speaking knowledge of the English language is required. There is little except farming and stock-raising for them to do at home, whereas they get good wages working outside the reservation.

Several families have taken up homestead claims from thirty to seventy-five miles distant from the Laguna reservation. The light farm wagon is extensively used by the Indians, and some of the more progressive have a spring wagon or a buggy. The government of the United States encourages the use of farming implements. Mowing machines, hay rakes, and plows are quite generally used. Last summer a steam thresher was used at one of the villages to thresh part of the wheat crop. For two years past a road-overseer has worked the men on the roads. The new telephone line is well used.

THE LAGUNA MANSE, NEW MEXICO

The Presbyterian Church organization of the Laguna Indian is a marked sign of progress. There are about one hundred and thirty members and three hundred adherents. They live in the different villages. Church service is held in each village in rotation.

Many of the members attend quite regularly, although this often necessitates driving in a farm wagon from ten to thirty-five miles there and back. The only officer elected is elder, of which there are thirteen, eleven active at present. The elders take care of all the work of the church.

The Christian Indian is very reverent, gentle and respectful. The people give very excellent attention during church service, although it takes about twice as long to deliver a message through an interpreter. Our church services are from an hour and a half to two hours and a half long. The elders always take part in prayer in our services, and usually some of them speak a few minutes. They are very devoted and loyal Christians. Presbyterian church membership makes a striking difference with the Indians. They are regenerated, consecrated men and women. The stage of development of the Indian church members resembles in some respects the conditions that prevailed in church life among the American people fifty or seventy-five years ago. At that time some of the older American people tell us that the churches were well filled, and the people would come to church for miles around.

DO NDIANS MAKE GOOD CHRISTIANS?

REV. J. M. CORNELISON

IMAGINE Jesus saying, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, except the North American Indians, the Red Men, for they will not make good disciples, since they are savage and treacherous, and go back readily to their old life." If there is any person laboring under that illusion, let me disillusion such an one with some concrete examples.

Exhibit A. He was debauched and a debaucher in every vile sense of the word, indulging in all the old customs of the Indian race, together with the newer vices of the white man. He was a leader in these things, and the story of it was written all over his wild, coarse face. Now and then he attended church, and heard the Gospel story, and observed its power in the lives of others. His wife was a Christian. During or following one of his drunken carousals about seven years ago, from which he came much used up, this man got some sort of a moral kick. The new man simply overcame and supplanted the old man. When the invitation was extended one Sunday about that time, as is always our custom in the experience meeting, this man came forward and said: "I have been a bad man. In all kinds of wickedness, dancing, gambling, drinking and adultery, make it as bad as you can, I have surpassed any of my friends in it all. But now I am determined, God helping me, to stop that way and from this time on to be on the side of Jesus, to follow Him, and to be found with Christian people. All my money I have squandered in the ways of sin, when my wife and family needed it, but now I will invest it for their good." As a Christian man since that time, I have never heard the slightest criticism as to his sincerity and devotion; but on every hand unstinted praise for his steadfastness and zeal. In his home he holds family worship night and morning. He loves and is loved in return by his own, and is highly respected by his white neighbors. In the church from time to time he holds different offices of influence in the societies, being president of the Temperance Society now. As a farmer he is successful, farming his own land and renting others. He pays his

debts to a penny. He is a physical Hercules, not fearing to wrestle with the world's champion, Frank Gotch, whom he almost threw off the stage. He is growing to be more and more a spiritual power, a leader in Christian service, and a Sabbath school teacher among his people. Such was, but now is Parsons Motanic.

Exhibit B. He was the most trifling, good - for - nothing drunken Indian, mean to his neighbors and family. I confess that my patience many times was at the ragged edge. I am his neighbor. He couldn't be trusted with six bits to go to town, unless it meant a debauch, a jail sentence, or a fine for his wife or some friend to pay. When he was himself he attended church and heard the Gospel fairly regularly. About seven years ago, in that same quiet way, the Gospel message touched him. He was a little shaky at first, but gradually the grip tightened. As I see that man today in the beauty and fullness of his Christian life, I can hardly repress the exclamation, "Oh, the depths of the riches of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." As a Christian man he is a marvel to even the white skeptics. Tall and straight in physique, he is just as tall and straight morally. He commands their respect. He is the most devoted man to his family that I ever knew in any race. As I remember how he helped to nurse his wife back from death's door, and recall his tenderness and thoughtfulness in it all, it seems a miracle. He is the sweetest tempered, slowest to anger, most patient man I know. He is an honored elder in the church, also a trustee. Both Indian and white friends would trust him with anything. He studies his Bible regularly and teaches a Sabbath school class. I love him dearly as a brother in Christ, as a child of the Faith, and as a neighbor he is indispensable. Such was, but now is Allen Patawa.

PARSONS MOTANIC
BEFORE CONVERSION
By courtesy of Lee Moorhouse, Photographer, Pendleton, Ore.

So I might go on to tell of other men who have been gripped as firmly by the same Gospel message, and who show it in their daily Christian lives. And the lives of these men and women have been such a religious and moral asset and influence in the life of the whole reservation that the tone and moral standards of all have been elevated; Catholics are better Catholics, and non-Christians are better citizens. There are also women who have "labored with me in the Gospel," and their labors have been tireless. They are saints and mothers in Israel, many of whom were Christians long before their husbands. The Christian Indians see and understand most social and philanthropic movements in their right perspective, just as their white friends do. They are making

fine progress in every line of activity and are exceedingly ambitious for their children. For example, in the recent election (November 3, 1914), especially in the *wet* and *dry* issue on the ballot in Oregon, the Indian men and women, members of the Church and Temperance Society, exercised their citizenship with a vim. It was a solid *dry* vote, and helped to roll up the 34,000 majority in the state for a *dry* Oregon. In the Spaulding Memorial Movement, to erect a monument over the grave of this pioneer missionary and co-laborer of the martyr, Dr. Marcus Whitman, they were deeply interested and observed the special day along with the other churches of Oregon and contributed to it. In all the benevolent work of the Boards of the Church at large they take an interest, so that there is never a vacant column after the name of Tutuilla Indian Church in the minutes of the General Assembly. The Woman's Society is keenly alive to all special objects. They gave to Sitka School $5 and to the Special China Fund $15. There is always an elder from the

PARSONS MOTANIC
UMATILLA CHRISTIAN
By courtesy of Lee Moorhouse, Photographer, Pendleton, Ore.

Indian Church at the meetings of Presbytery and Synod, and two of its elders have been commissioners to the General Assembly. They are zealous to help in the evangelization of their Indian brethren, both here and on other reservations. Locally they prepare big dinners, where hundreds attend in midsummer, at Thanksgiving and New Year's.

ALLEN PATAWA
UMATILLA CHRISTIAN

Bands of them go to other reservations to help in evangelistic services. They love their church and its services, and do not forget the assemblying of themselves together for worship. To facilitate this worship at stated times when encamped about the church, many have built little one or two-roomed houses in which to live and entertain their friends. To offset the encampment of the wild Indians in July, with all its orgies and immoralities, the Christians maintain an encampment with different features each year. Temperance was at the front this year. Thus they endeavor to show to all that they are "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world," as their Master bids them to be. So I hear the Master say, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, and of the North American Indians, too, for their sturdy traits of character are an earnest that they will make the best of disciples." The Gospel for the race is the great requirement, for there is need only that it be interpreted in the terms of Christian living and that it be preached in sincerity and in love.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES FROM THE RAILROAD

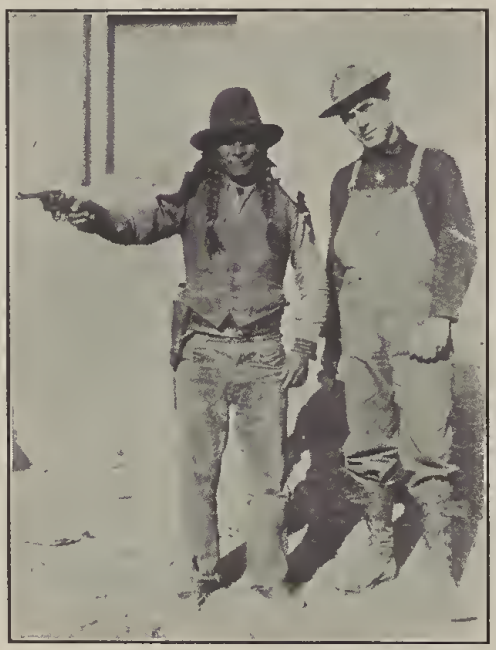
HOWARD M. PATTERSON, BLUFF, UTAH

THREE sleeps on the train to travel 1,700 miles and three more sleeps and four days by wagon to travel 160 miles. Two sleeps on the sand among the sage brush with clear sky overhead and lizards running over your bed, while the coyotes howled all around. This was our journey to Indian-land.

Two days out we passed a family of Indians on foot, who hid in the bushes while we passed, and then followed along behind us.

After four days of travel over long stretches of sand and through deep and dangerous canyons, we at length dropped down into another canyon at the mouth of which we found the little town of Bluff, Utah. In the surrounding cliffs are many ruins of the ancient cliff-dwellers' homes, and all around are thousands of small pieces of broken pottery.

Locomotive Rock, the Navajo Twins, and a cliff-dweller's home are all visible from our front porch, and close by is a flowing well of the best water in the country, for which we are very thankful. The Indians come in to do their trading, and occasionally find work cutting wood for the white inhabitants at from $1.00 to $1.50 a day. On Mondays and Tuesdays the squaws come in and help with the washings and stop and ask for a little sugar or coffee, as food prices are so high out here that they cannot buy all they need.



THE MISSIONARY AND JACK AT BLUFF, UTAH.

The Navajos have small herds of cattle and large flocks of sheep and goats. The squaws weave blankets, for which they receive a fair price in trade, but when you consider the many long weeks and even months they spend in making these blankets, and the material used, the pay is small enough. The men hammer out Mexican coins into silver bracelets, rings and buckles, receiving just a little above the value of the coin used. Native turquois and garnet are also used in silver mountings.

The Utes have sheep and goats, but no cattle, and the squaws do not weave rugs, but they make very good baskets and fancy bead purses and belts. As wild game is scarce, and the laws strict, the men do not find much to do except odd jobs which would not average more than two days a week. After the squaws do their camp work and help to care for the sheep, they do not earn more than from 15 to 30 cents a day, so with the children to feed, together with high prices and poor management, the Indians do

not fare well. When winter comes they are scantily clothed and poorly housed.

Their summer wickiups consist of a number of branches about two inches thick at the base, stuck into the ground in a circle, so that the leaves afford shelter from the hot sun, but do not keep out the rain, and we frequently find severe cases of rheumatism among these Indians. In winter they cover the wickiups with pieces of canvas, leaving a hole at the top for the smoke to escape. Then the Indians sit inside close together all around the fire, with blankets over their backs to keep warm.

The bread, or *pana*, is baked in frying pans over the open fire. They are like a thick, heavy pan-cake, and as fast as they are baked the squaws pass them around to the men and children until all are satisfied. They also bake corn bread in the ashes and quite frequently have rabbit and goat meat with potatoes and squash, when obtainable. The Indians are very fond of fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches and watermelons, all of which grow in abundance in this section. but as the Utes have very little land of their own, they have to beg or buy what fruit they get.

Last summer one of the Utes killed a Mexican, and the rest of the Indians refused to give him up to the authorities. On several former occasions when Indians were taken away for trial, they never came back and no satisfactory explanations were made to the Indians, so naturally they are suspicious unless assured of a fair trial and full particulars.

When we first arrived, the Indians thought we were sent here by the government, and it was very hard to gain their confidence. They would ask such questions as: Who are you? Are you policemen? Where you from? What you do? How long you stay? Upon our first visit to a Ute camp, the women and children ran and hid and would not return until after we left. God was good to us in opening the way, and we soon met Mr. and Mrs. John Wetherill, traders, and good friends of the Indians, who told them that we were neither government people nor Mormons, but missionaries and friends of the Indians. This was a great help, and gave us freedom and liberty among the Indians that otherwise would have taken many months to acquire, and while we did not at once have their complete confidence, we are slowly gaining this and are trying to learn their language. Many of the Indians, through superstition, are strongly opposed to having their pictures taken, unless they are well paid for affording us the privilege.

A Navajo worked for us a few days, and ate at our table and slept in our kitchen, so we became quite well acquainted. He would bow his head and wait reverently for the blessing to be asked, and enjoyed listening to the Gospel songs. We showed him the Bible and explained that it is God's book, and told him of God's love and the gift of Jesus to be our Saviour. He was very much interested, so I told him that when we could talk Navajo and Ute better, we would tell the Indians more of the message; so in this way we are endeavoring to reach the Indians individually, as they come to us for work and food, by giving them also the Bread of Heaven, which is food for the soul.

Some of the Indians are inclined to steal and to take advantage in trading, if possible; but if they find you are dealing squarely with them they are satisfied. If you trust them fully they prove themselves worthy of it. We hope soon to gain their complete confidence and friendship, so that we may be a help to them in their great needs, spiritual and material.

APACHE INDIANS AND THE TULAPAI

MR. GEO. H. GEBBY, GOVERNMENT DEPUTY SPECIAL OFFICER

IN the minds of almost all of our American citizens the word Apache is synonymous with savage warfare and cruelty. This association was at one time all too true, but we should pause to remember that the last battle between these Indians and the soldiers occurred beside the rippling waters of Cibicue Creek, in Arizona, as far back as 1886, and that troopers of Fort Apache have for nearly thirty years been peacefuly mounting guard in Apache Land. The echoes of the sunset gun rolling from mountain to mountain alone disurb the peaceful valleys, which at one time resounded with war-whoops. It is thirty years since the last Apache raid, more than a generation since the last scalp was taken!

TYPICAL CAMP SCENE OF WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHES, WHITERIVER, ARIZONA

There is scarcely another tribe whose present condition is so little known by the general public. We know of the Navajos because we see and admire their blankets. We read accounts yearly of the Hopi snake dance and are interested in viewing the picturesque Pueblos from the window of the Santa Fe Pullman, but the Apaches sit in their beargrass tepees ninety miles from a railroad and many of them have never seen the "Iron Horse."

What then have the thousands of Apaches been doing since they so long ago sullenly laid down the rifle and the knife? The sad answer is: Nothing! Except for their grudging acceptance of peace with the pale-faces, they live much the same today as in the '80's, when General Crook ruled them with an iron hand, and this is in spite of efforts put forth for their betterment by earnest government employees and consecrated missionaries.

What is the cause of this lack of progress? The Apache is conservative and distrustful of new ways. Many of them live in isolated places, out of contact with civilizing influences, but by far the greatest retarding factor in their progress toward better things is their besotted condition, due to the exces-

sive use of the native intoxicating liquor, tulapai. This is brewed by the women from corn, making a strong beer, to which they add various native roots, notably belladonna, which adds a drug effect. The method of

APACHE WOMAN WEAVING BASKET
MC DOWELL, ARIZ.

manufacture is crude but efficient. A quantity of corn is soaked and kept in a warm, damp place until well sprouted; then this malt is cooked, ground in a "metate" or hand mortar, the roots are added with water and the whole is poured into the great tulapai "olla" or woven water jar, holding five gallons or more. This is kept at swill barrel sourness by leaving a little of the "mash" from time to time to properly start the ferment. When the vile brew is ready the family, with their friends and neighbors, gather for a beastly orgy. Every family has its tulapai olla, whether they have a frying pan or not, and the intoxicant is drunk almost daily by men, women and children. As a consequence, the Apache mind is beclouded with tulapai alcohol, their will-power is paralyzed and their bodies are weakened by exposure and lack of food during their debauches. Drunken mothers neglect their children in freezing weather and careful observers state that 60 per cent. of the children never reach school age. Their small farm patches in the narrow mountain valleys are crowded with corn, which they neither eat nor sell, but use for their much craved tulapai. Their drugged bodies refuse to work, and in their pinch of hunger they continually kill off their cattle, which the government patiently tries to introduce for them on their excellent range. A dark story, do you say? Yes; but what is a mere word description compared to the impression made on one who continually views the realities; the squalid tepee on the bare earth, the seemingly always empty larder, the scowling long-haired men and women, the apathetic or querrulous old people, the sickly children. And alcohol the main cause of it all.

APACHE MISSION, McDOWELL, ARIZ.

Some will say: "Does not the government prohibit the Indians from having liquor of any kind, and is there not maintained a special department with officers for that purpose? Why doesn't the government stop the

use of the tulapai? But this is easier said than done. Thirty years ago General Crook hoed up every blade of growing corn to prevent the Indians getting the grain to make liquor, but there is more used today than ever. If you governed a reservation as large as Connecticut, in an isolated section of rugged mountains and dense forest, with a multitude of duties in caring for several thousand dependent people, you could more nearly understand how a handful of white employees can scarcely restrain their cunning, scattered Indians from the practice which is as the breath of life to them. These Indians are steeped in the tulapai from childhood, with little outside influence to assist them in an endeavor to escape its thrall, or to mitigate their hard, poor life.

It will take a strong stand by the government and the Church to overcome an iniquity which is choking every good impulse of a large and dependent people. It will take an especially competent corps of white officers, field matrons and teachers, a redoubled effort by the field missionaries and a greater sympathy and better understanding by the Church Boards and the public.

It is only within the past few years that any concerted movement has been instituted against the liquor, there having hitherto been very little effort made to stop it. We feel that a start has been made toward better things. Five years ago there was scarcely one Apache that did not drink tulapai, but now there are half a dozen among the seven thousand who not only do not drink it themselves, but who take a strong stand against its use by their people. There are two Apache young men who with their wives are studying in the Cook Bible School at Phoenix, to be evangelists to their own people. We have the efforts of the lonely missionaries and the government employees, who are toiling in this cruelly discouraging work. There are Lutheran, Presbyterian and Methodist men and women missionaries fighting grimly, side by side, with the government employees, of any or no church; only a handful, but all united against the crushing burden of these Red Men. Let the name Apache no longer stand for bloodshed, but for deep and crying need. Let us remember with our prayers and our influence our helpless and hopeless red brethren in their sodden misery on their desolate Arizona mountains—neglected because unknown.

THE NEGLECTED INDIANS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

C. E. KELSEY

THE Indians of Northern California are not as neglected as they were a few years ago, though there is still room for improvement. For many years no effort was made in any organized form for the spiritual or any other betterment of the California Indians. Fifty years after the American conquest, three-quarters of the Indians of Northern California had still to learn what a Christian missionary might be, and less than ten per cent. of them were under any kind of missionary instruction. The National Indian Association established several missions and turned them over later to denominations which agreed to carry on the work. Some of these were afterward closed. In 1908, when the Northern California Indian Association, a branch of the National, began its campaign to enlarge missionary effort among the California Indians, there were five Protestant missions with four missionaries, reaching about 2,000 Indians, less than half of whom were Christians. The Roman Catholics had five small Indian churches, reaching about 600 Indians. The number of Pro-

testant missions has now increased to sixteen, with twenty-one missionaries. These reach about 6,600 souls. Local work has also been started in about ten places, where the work is in charge of local workers. These reach about one thousand Indians. The Roman Catholic work now reaches about 1,000 Indians. There still remain between six and seven thousand Indians for whom there is no missionary in the field. These are, of course, heathen, and as the missions now in existence are largely new ones, the greater number of Indians under instruction are not yet converted. It is estimated that at least ten thousand of the Indians in Northern California are still heathen. This is a number greater than the entire Indian population of most states. It is

A CHOOKCHANSI WOMAN

evident that there is still room for great extension of missionary effort among the Indians of Northern California.

The Indians of Northern California are very scattered. Only about ten per cent. have reservations. In comparatively few places are there Indians enough to justify the establishment of a resident missionary. These are practically all occupied. In most fields the

OLD CALIFORNIA MEDICINE MEN WHO WERE CONVERTED AND ARE NOW EARNEST CHRISTIANS.

missionary is a sort of circuit rider, covering considerable territory. There is room for several more of these. The largest field remaining is that to the Yuroc Indians, or lower Klamaths, numbering about 650 or 700 souls. This field was assigned to the Presbyterian Church, but has not yet been occupied. There is another field in Mono County, with 500 Indians; another to the southern Pit River Indians, numbering about 400, in the Big Bend district of Shasta County, and below; another field among the Wintoons and Yanas of western Shasta County, numbering about 500; and another field in Eldorado County and adjacent districts, numbering about 350. It will probably be necessary to reach the rest of the Indians through the nearest local churches. This is less easy than it seems. There still survives considerable of the frontier spirit in California, and the local churches have been slow to recognize their responsibility toward their red brethren,

even though the red brethren are heathen and dwell within sound of church bells. These local churches, having heathen Indian bands near by, are usually the reverse of wealthy and have a hard time to make ends meet. If it were possible to extend to them a little aid, even if no more than fifty or one hundred dollars per annum, they would probably be glad to undertake work among the Indians. The weak point, at present, in the Indian situation in California is the attitude of the local church.

THE UNMET NEEDS OF THE INDIANS OF UTAH

REV. GEORGE W. MARTIN

THERE are about 3,123 Indians in the state of Utah. Most of them are to be found in ten of the twenty-seven counties of the state. Uintah County has 1,300; San Juan, 800; Wasatch and Box Elder, 200 each; Washington, 125; the other five counties have less than 100 each. In Uintah, San Juan and Box Elder Counties the tribal relationships still count, the others are scattered remnants. Most of them are far gone, morally, having lost the better traditions of primitive races and not having acquired the principles of Christian morality, except in cases under Christian missions.

In what are now Uintah and Wasatch Counties Indians were concentrated by government treaty in 1865; then they numbered 5,000; in 1880 their number was increased by removals from Colorado after the Meeker massacre to over 6,000; now, in 1911 it is estimated that not over 1,500 Indians survive. This awful decrease is due to lack of necessities of life in a barren country, plagues of disease, acts of lawlessness by renegade white men, and punishment inflicted on Indian mischief-makers by angry white men.

THE INTERPRETER AT DUNLOP, CAL.
HE IS HERE SHOWN TEACHING HIS NIECE TO PRAY. A YEAR AGO HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT JESUS.

Missionary work was begun among these Indians by the Episcopal Church in 1897; it includes Sunday school, church and hospital work; the centers occupied are Randlett and Whiterocks. Babies whose mothers had died were rescued from being buried alive by mistaken friends; the fight against "sage brush bartenders" is helped along; lives of aged and needy have been saved by distribution of boxes of donated clothing; a medical missionary has done much among them, both treating at the Mission House and traveling among the sick.

The pressing needs are described as: Money for additional salaries, $900; boxes of second-hand clothing prepaid; beds, mattresses, blankets, sheets, pillow cases and towels for the hospital; contributions to the "Ute Indian Emergency Fund"; medicines for the sick and a new hospital, into which

both whites and Indians may be received. For in 1908 the Indians received their lands by allotment in that region, and whites were admitted on remaining lands.

James McLaughlin, for many years Indian interpreter, in "My Friend, The Indian," 1910, has a chapter on "The Unwhipped Utes": How the White River Utes left the Uintah Reservation in 1906 and defied the State of Wyoming and the Federal authorities." He writes: "It is my opinion that the Indians who have not felt the heavy hand of retribution for crimes agains the whites have escaped a very essential part of their training in civilization. I feel certain that if the Utes had been thoroughly chastised after the Meeker Massacre in 1879, they would not be the irresponsible, shiftless and defiant people they are today; they had citizenship thrust upon them without any knowledge of its responsibilities. They escaped retributive justice at a period of their tribal existence when their sense of their ill-doings was strong upon them, and they are the worse for it." Emerson is quoted as saying: "He who frees a child from the punishment that he deserves, robs him of his right."

In San Juan County, southeastern Utah, there are three bands in the vicinity of Bluff, now a precinct of a thousand whites. (a) Utah's portion of the Navajo Reservation of 18,031 population, say some 500 in all. Mr. Wm. T. Shelton is their superintendent, an all-around good government Indian agent, doing a wonderful work for all that he can reach; but the Utah corner of the immense reservation is "so far from his headquarters that they are more or less neglected." (b) The Pah Utes, a band of say 175, and (c) Some scattered Utes, renegades from the Southern Ute agency and from the Uintah country. These two are called Mancos Jim's band and Johnny Benow's band. They are without efficient head or control; do very little farming; some squaws work in the houses of whites at times; really have no visible means of support; children do not attend school; their condition is altogether deplorable; they are in need of *all things*. Thus the total number in that region is about 800. Our Presbyterian Church has within the last few months sent a vigorous, self-sacrificing missionary among these Indians of San Juan County.

In Box Elder and Washington Counties there are between 300 and 400 Indians. (a) The Washakie band, numbering 148, with which we count 60 or more in western Tooele County. These "Lamanites" have been under Mormon missionary influences for years; several of the Washakies own lands; others farm lands of relatives. The lands used were homesteaded in the ordinary way. They are self-supporting, are a regularly organized ward, having a white bishop, a Sunday school with a Lamanite superintendent and teachers, a public school and 30 children of school age.

Most all of them own houses but do not occupy them entirely. If a death occurs in a house they sometimes vacate it entirely; others vacate for a year or so, them fumigate, put in new floors, doors and windows, and occupy it again. Out of numbers of attempts since 1847 to civilize Lamanites this is the most successful ever made by Mormons. Those in Tooele County are called Goshutes; they are Mormons, make their own living, have built a school house, and have a Lamanite teacher from Washakie. The U. S. government is about to help them to get lands, fencing and implements.

The Shebbitts Indians in Washington County, 125 in number, are often visited by the Kanab band and by the Moapas of Nevada.

In the early days many or all of this band became Mormons, fell away into their old faith and so into the deepest and most degrading poverty and shiftlessness. Thirteen years ago they were furnished a superintendent, a Christian woman, by the government. She opened a school, got marital relations straightened out, re-named children and young

people; sent a number of the latter away to government schools in Colorado, Kansas and Pennsylvania, and was instrumental in introducing a Presbyterian missionary and wife among them; more than 50 have been received into church on profession of faith in Christ, some of whom run well; they average 45 at church; most now own their own houses, they are fencing 80 acres of land and have patches of ground which they are learning to cultivate. The government school enrolls 20 to 30 children, who are well housed and fairly taught during the day.

A hospital is greatly needed for the most destitute and diseased of the Indians of this state. Note the menace to society of these mendicant pariahs, wandering from town to town and door to door, all over the state, carrying pneumonia, diphtheria, smallpox, tuberculosis, cancer and sexual destruction in clothes and touch, tempting festering degeneracy to further sin, and leaving contamination on the door handles of unsuspecting homes; surely here is work for our State Board of Health.

The Federal government, moving slowly, is getting these long neglected wards on lands where they can be taught self-support by ordinary endeavor; their children should be gathered into state public schools as the law permits, the necessary probation officers being wise and efficient and indefatigable. State and Federal co-operation can do much also to banish the venders of intoxicants. And the Christian missionary with the open Bible is the Lord's agent for social, moral and religious regeneration of Indian hearts and homes.

NAVAJO CONVERTS AND THEIR BIBLE

REV. CLARENCE N. PLATT

FEW of us who have been reared in a Christian environment can appreciate the tremendous step a Navajo takes when he renounces paganism and embraces Christianity. On one of our visits to a Navajo "hogan," or hut, last summer, an old man, on hearing the Gospel, kept repeating after my interpreter the names "God" and "Jesus," as it was the first time he had heard them. "Whom do you pray to?" we asked. "Oh, I pray to the dawn, to the mountain, to the sun and stars," said he. "I am not a medicine man, so I do not know many prayers, but I use corn powder when I pray." The Navajos sprinkle finely ground corn meal in the direction of the deity to whom they pray, to show their peaceful relation to him. "Well," said I, "the mountain, the dawn, the sun and the stars have no ears to hear you, no heart to love you, and no hands to stretch out to help you. But God has all of these." "Oh," said the old man, "I pray to all those things so I may be sure not to miss God." Besides such pantheistic belief as this, the Navajos have a number of mystical beings to whom they pray. Some are pictured in the sand by their medicine men and prayed to with elaborate ceremonies, lasting a number of days. The treatment of the sick by their medicine men is a grossly superstitious religious ceremony, an effort to propitiate or to drive out the evil spirit or spirits, supposed to be causing the ailment. Their singing and dancing all have some religious significance, and many of their ceremonies are occasions for large social gatherings. Hence, for a Navajo to break with paganism and to embrace Christianity is to become ostracised socially, and to be made an object of ridicule and persecution.

The results of evangelistic meetings, therefore, during the past few months, have given us much reason for rejoicing. In August

Rev. F. G. Mitchell came here, introducing the advance copies of the Navajo Bible, recently received from the press of the American Bible Society. From these he read to audiences on two successive Sundays, closing with an evangelistic message at the morning services. An afternoon meeting was also held each Sunday and opportunity for personal testimony was given, followed by an invitation to begin the Christian life. At least five Navajos took a definite stand, and more than half the audience, on the second Sunday, when you were born. It is the same way with your *story*. You do not remember what was said long ago. So whenever a missionary tells you about God and Jesus, you ought to believe it right off and not be ashamed of it. We are all the same and when we die we do not want to stand before God and let Him read off what we have done. And if we have not had our sin rubbed off, we ought to be ashamed of it. And so we ought to live right and walk straight and not be ashamed of anything. Mr. Johnston was telling us

C. N. PLATT'S INTERPRETER

came forward to show their belief in the truth as presented. On November 29th, Mr. W. R. Johnston and Rev. F. G. Mitchell conducted meetings morning and afternoon. A large majority came forward at the afternoon meeting, and this time signified their purpose to "take hold of God's way," as they expressed it, thus making an advance beyond the stand taken at the August meeting.

The following testimony of Guy Clark, my interpreter, given at this meeting, is of especial interest, in view of the fact that he has declared his purpose to become a native evangelist.

"You say you have your own story. If one would ask you how old you are, that is where you get mixed up and do not recall that sin destroys more people than anything else. When Mr. Mitchell was here the other time, there were quite a number of you that took a stand. But some of you are kind of bashful. Now you should come right out and talk to your own people.

"Grandmother (the first Christian convert of this mission) was saying it does not hurt her feelings when young people make fun of her. I think she is right. And when young people, or old people, laugh or make fun of Christian people or anybody else who has the straight story, they will be responsible for their own sin when they stand before God. I am not ashamed to stand before you and speak for God's way."

The number of Navajos who attend school

and learn English is relatively very small. The majority of the Navajos are so isolated from English-speaking peoples that it was imperative that the Bible be translated into Navajo, if this generation were to be reached with the Word of God. Thus far the books

NAVAJO WOMAN AND CHILD

of Genesis, Jonah, Mark, John, the first eight chapters of Romans and portions of the Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Luke, Acts and the Revelation have been translated. A number of missionaries and mission interpreters have had a part in this translation. The work of translating was begun by Rev. L. P. Brink, of Tohatchi, Arizona, shortly after he came to the mission field about thirteen years ago. Rev. Alexander Black soon took up translation work. Nine years ago Rev. F. G. Mitchell, Rev. John Butler, of Tuba, Arizona, and Mr. Black began to work together on the Navajo language. They began a hand-book of the language which was later finished by Mr. Mitchell, and published under the title "Dine Bizad." These three missionaries then worked together on translating the Scriptures, revising repeatedly as they got new light and experience. About this time Mr. Brink completed Genesis and Mark, and had them printed by the American Bible Society. Later all extant translations were revised. Much credit is due the American Bible Society for the generous share it has had in the publication of the Navajo Scriptures. The final work of putting it into shape for the press of the American Bible Society was done by Rev. F. G. Mitchell, of Tolchaco, and Rev. John Butler, of Tuba, Arizona.

We wish it had been possible for the readers of this magazine to share with us the joy of witnessing the intense interest on the faces of the Navajos, as they heard Mr. Mitchell read Navajo from a printed page for the first time in their lives. The fact that it was the story of how God created the world added to their interest, for they have their own tradition of the creation, passed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. We have used very profitably the advance copies of Genesis in our hogan preaching, Guy Clark usually reading from them, by way of introducing the gospel message.

The oldest of our Ganado converts in both years and experience is Nelsth, affectionately termed "Grandmother," the mother of John Curley, former interpreter at Ganado, who is now in training as a native evangelist at the Cook Bible School, Phoenix, Arizona. Nelsth was converted some time after Rev. Charles H. Bierkemper began his work as missionary here. She was ready with her testimony at each of our three evangelistic meetings. Her own story follows:

"Eleven years ago I first heard about the Christian way and I began to think about it. Mr. Bierkemper told me some things about it. My son John told me some things. Among the Navajos there is no Saviour. When I heard about the Saviour I began to believe the Christian way was the true way, so I decided to stand for it ten years ago and was baptized. Since that time I have always remembered that I am a Christian. Sometimes when I am out with the sheep and all alone, I kneel behind a tree and talk to God. I tell Him when I leave this world I want Him to take me to His home, where there is no more pain, nor hunger, nor thirst. When I get to His home I will not be ashamed to look Him in the face, and when I reach the gate I will not be afraid to walk right in. In the morning I pray to God to give me strength during the day. Whenever

I eat I thank God for the food. Whenever I pray I thank Him for all the things He has given me. Sometimes I remember that I have told something that may not be true, but I am sure God knows about it, so I pray about it and I know He has forgiven me. I know no man could straighten that out for me, only God can do it. I pray to Him to put strong power in me so that I need not do what is wrong. When I get home to God I want to drink the crystal water that is pure. I want to sit down there in God's house where nobody will laugh at me. My own daughters and sons do not make fun of me, but my relatives do. Sometimes they say, 'You had the Navajo way of living. Why did you turn from it?' But I tell them whenever I have a chance. The missionary taught me the true way ten years ago, and I took hold of it and now I know I have a Saviour and the straight way in which to walk. When people make fun of me or talk against me, saying, 'You will never be one of God's servants or messengers,' I walk straight on my way and then I pray to God about them, and ask that they may learn to know the Saviour too. Whenever I hear of the Christian nations I am always thankful for them. I think of myself as belonging to the Christian nations. I wish the day might come when the Navajos would all take hold of the Christian way."

"Last spring one evening, when the sun was setting after a heavy rain, it had four rings about it. Other Navajos felt superstitious about it. I thought to myself, God made this world and He knows why the sun sets that way, so I prayed to Him and was thankful for the beautiful sunset. That night I dreamed that a white cloud floated from the west and four beings stood on it, all in white. They asked me whether I had been thankful for the sunset, and I said, Yes. This cloud floated along by me and passed on to the east. Some time ago Mr. Bierkemper had a prayer from the Bible put into Navajo words. He told me some day the Bible will be in the Navajo language. When Mr. Mitchell read the Bible to us in Navajo I was very thankful. The Navajos think it is funny when they hear that I, an old woman who have never been to school, and know no English, should believe in God's way. They say, 'Only school boys and girls, who can read English, are supposed to believe in God's way.' Then I say, 'You ought to be more anxious to put your children in school, and those of you who have school boys and girls in your homes always want to put them back into old Navajo ways. When they tell you the true way, you make fun of them. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.' "

A very interesting case is that of a school girl, who has been a Christian five years. She was mentally deficient and her parents sent her out to watch the sheep. Here she was exposed in more respects than one. When one of our missionaries learned of her, he brought her to the school, as much to rescue her from such a life as in the hope that her mind could be developed. Her ready answer, given last summer to some superstitious Navajos, is evidence of her awakened intellect. After lightning had struck the school dormitory, they said to her, "Why do you go into a place that lightning has struck, and why do you stay there? After a while you may get sick and never get well." "Well," she said, "when I get sick I will find it out, and the best place to go will be to the mission hospital to see the doctor."

Only those on the field, who know the immoral environment of the Navajos, can appreciate how tremendous is the task of so nurturing our new converts with the "sincere milk of the Word" that in time of temptation they may be fortified with God's precious promises and may withstand the assaults of the adversary.

Will you not join us in prayer that we may be given wisdom and strength equal to the task before us?

FULL-BLOOD CHEROKEES OF EASTERN OKLAHOMA

REV. ALBION L. ROBERTSON (CHEROKEE)

THE Cherokees have their peculiar Indian traits that make them distinct from other peoples. Many and varied are the types that this people present, from the poor uneducated full-blood living out among the hills, to the Senator and Congressman sitting in the Capitol at Washington helping in the task of making the laws of this great country. I refer to Senator Robert L. Owen and Congressman-elect W. W. Hastings.

The Cherokees own almost all of the northeastern part of the State of Oklahoma. This land may be used for stock grazing, fruit growing and for agricultural purposes. The full-bloods, on the whole, are poor, having only their land and only a small portion in cultivation, and that poorly tilled. He has his little log cabin out in the hills as near a spring of water as he can get. He cultivates a small patch of corn, a garden, has a few chickens, hogs and cows. His fare is simple and ofttimes scanty. During the summer he will fish and in the fall and winter he will trap and hunt game.

He knows absolutely nothing about scientific methods of farming which are helping the American farmer of today so much in his fight for a livelihood. He hasn't very many farming implements on hand and those that he has are not of the best.

Some of the land owned by the Cherokees is very valuable. This is on account of the oil that Oklahoma has próduced so abundantly in the past few years. If such a landowner is poor and ignorant it gives opportunity for the grafter to swindle him out of his land. Many shameful instances of this kind have occurred.

Strong drink has been the curse of the Indian since it was first put to his lips. Its use is followed by immorality, debauchery, broken homes and ofttimes murder. These awful conditions prevail among the Cherokees who are addicted to drink, and many of our brightest and best young men have fallen victims to this foe.

Our outstanding need is for schools manned by Christian men and women of deep consecration and devotion to our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. We find such a school near Marble City, the old Dwight Mission, dear to many of our best men and women of today. May God pour out His choicest blessings upon the teachers in Dwight who are rendering such unselfish service for the Indian youth. You ask, Are there not public schools? I reply, Yes; but do you know the Indian? A few years ago a number of the full-blood boys were gathered together and sent to Haskell, the government school for Indians located in Lawrence, Kansas. In a month or so they ran away and walked seventy and a hundred miles in order to get back home. Then, too, their backwardness will not let them mix with the white children who attend the public schools. It has always been a trying problem to get the full-blood children into these schools. If they will not come to us let us go to them with our learning. Let us plant these schools in their midst and make them exclusively for the full-blood Cherokees. In these schools we shall teach the boys manual training and how to farm by the latest methods. Then we shall send them to their several homes to care for the farms. We shall teach the girls how to sew and keep house.

What will these schools do to fight the liquor evil? They will give the children a knowledge of their danger and of the way of escape. They will not have to meet the foe in ignorance and alone, but will be armed with the light of knowledge and the strength of the Lord. May God raise up friends for this Presbyterian mission school and richly bless all who give in the Master's name.

AMONG THE WESTERN SHOSHONES

GERARD M. VAN PERNIS

ALTHOUGH the original home of the Shoshones was in Utah, different bands, of which one is under our care, have lived many, many years in Nevada.

As early as 1877 Duck Valley was set aside by President Hayes as a reservation for the little band of Shoshones, with Captain Buck as their leader. Up to that time they had been roaming from one part of the state to the other, fishing and hunting being their main occupations.

Under President Cleveland's administration a small tract of land was added to the reserve to make room for a little band of Pai-utes, who had Paddy Cap as their leader. These Pai-utes, whose original home was in Oregon, were then prisoners of war as they had been impeding and killing many of the white settlers. Today the reservation, of which part is in Nevada and part in Idaho, measures 488 square miles.

As yet the land is not allotted because of the irrigation project, now under way. Through contact with the white people for so many years these Shoshones and also the Pai-utes have acquired the English language; they speak it like many of the European immigrants who have been in the United States for half a year or so. In their homes or whenever they have a chance they speak their native tongue. The Shoshone language is different from the Pai-ute, but since these bands have lived together for more than thirty years they have learned to understand each other. It is not many years ago that these people laid aside their blankets and moccasins and adopted citizen's clothes.

In all there are 579 people who live either in log cabins or in tents. These log cabins are about 14 by 20 feet and are provided with door and windows and also with a fireplace. The only furniture they have is a cook stove, a trunk, some kitchen utensils and in a few cases also a bed or a table. As a rule the whole family sleeps on the floor.

Until last June a boarding school was maintained by the government, when two day schools took its place. Of the 130 eligible children only 65 attend school.

I was told by one of the old Indians that about twenty-five years ago the first missionary, a Roman Catholic priest, came here. His stay was rather a brief one, as inside of one year he had to leave on account of ill health and shortly after that died in California. For many years they were without one to tell them of the only way to eternal salvation, excepting that from time to time a traveling missionary would stop for a short while. These Indians do not have any sort of religion or any mythology. They do have their medicine men, who try to keep the people superstitious. A few years ago Rev. A. E. Danley was sent to Owyhee by the Home Mission Board. He labored faithfully and met with much opposition. The manse which he started to build was still unfinished when in August, 1913, he saw himself compelled to resign on account of his parents' sickness.

On November 11th of last year we arrived at this place, after a four days' trip on the train and a three days' trip by stage, Owyhee being 150 miles distant from the railroad. The house had just been plastered. All the interior finishing had to be done and only one outside door swung on hinges. During the daytime I visited the people and at night the carpenter work was done. Many a time while my wife would be preparing breakfast I would fit and hang a door or do other work. The next Sunday after our arrival we commenced our work at the government boarding-school. In the morning we held a service; we also taught Sabbath school. In the afternoon some Indians gathered at the manse. At night we walked once more to the school-house to address all the children and the employees.

On account of the heavy rainfalls the roads soon became almost impassable for pedestrians. Often we waded to the school

through the mud and at times I had to carry my wife part of the way. Later on the Board supplied us with a team and buggy and we are glad our former experiences do not have to be continued. Our services were well attended, sometimes more than one hundred would listen to the old, old story which is always new. At Easter the attendance had grown to two hundred and fifty. Many of the boys who have been to larger schools learned to play musical instruments. These boys we got together and soon we had a band organized.

The Indians like to bury their dead with much pomp. On New Year's Day Captain Sam was buried. Our little orchestra played some hymns which the white people sang, and after that I spoke to a congregation of more than two hundred and fifty about the only Saviour. In June the school closed and our meetings became very small. Most of the Indians live from two to twenty miles from the school-house.

The Fourth of July is always celebrated at Duck Valley by both old and young. Not only is the Fourth considered to be a holiday, but from the first to the fourteenth no one thinks of work. Many things happen at that time which are far from helping to uplift our Indian brothers. This past year members of the same tribe but of different reservations came to help celebrate. With them they brought typhoid fever, and within a few days three cases were under the doctor's care. The patients were hurried home. Only a few days later the number of the afflicted was doubled. Every day I went to visit and to help them, both after body and soul. Three died during the first week of the epidemic.

In order to visit all the patients I would sometimes ride from thirty to forty miles per day, either with the buggy or on horseback. The roads were dusty and not one shade tree casts the least shadow on these sun-beaten trails. I also helped bury the dead. Being away from early morning until late in the evening, I also became sick with the much-dreaded fever. My wife, a trained nurse, nursed me as only a wife can do it; the government physician, Dr. Henniberger, attended to me faithfully. When after three weeks the fever left me I had a severe attack of tonsilitis, which happily did not last very long. Then my wife became ill. For days it seemed as though my dear wife and faithful helper would be taken away, but God heard our prayers and saved and healed. We are both getting our former strength back.

With the abandonment of the boarding school we have lost many opportunities to do missionary work.

Through opposition from the agent's side the band has been stopped, and for a while we have lost our hold upon the young people. The children, as already explained, are out of our reach. There is only one way out of our difficulty, viz., a mission boarding-school.

The government schools are good, but so many of the employees care more for the position and the salary than for the welfare of the Indians. This is shown by this fact, that since we came here the school and agency force, with one exception, has changed.

To inform the readers what has been done during the first year which we spent at Owyhee I will give the following brief report:

Preached on Sundays and at funerals eighty-two times; taught Sunday school fifty times; made one hundred house-to-house visitations; held twelve meetings at the manse; spoke to one hundred individuals about their soul's eternal salvation; traveled 1,000 miles; organized a band; showed different ones how to cut rafters, etc.

There are 579 souls to be saved at Owyhee. We need your prayers as much as your gifts, that God's Kingdom may come to the long-neglected Shoshones.